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Continuation of the Criticiſm on the Tragedy of the Duke of Millaine, *by* Maſſinger.

Fran. O Innocence, abus'd! Simplicity couſen'd!
It were a Sin, for which we have no Name,
To keep you longer in this wilful Error.
Read his Affection here; and then obſerve
How dear he holds you; tis his Character,
Which Cunning yet could never counterfeit.
Marc. Tis his Hand, I am reſolv'd of't.
I'll try what the Inſcription is.
Fran. Pray you do ſo.
Marc. You know my Pleaſure, and the Hour of *Martelia*'s Death, which fail not to execute, as you will anſwer the Contrary, not with your Head alone, but with the Ruin of your whole Family. And this written with mine own Hand, and ſigned with my privy Signet, ſhall be your ſufficient Warrant.
I do obey it, every Word's a Ponyard,
And reaches to my Heart.
Fran. What have I done?
Madam, for Heaven's Sake, Madam. O my Fate!
I'll bend her Body: This is yet ſome Pleaſure,
I'll kiſs her into a new Life. Dear Lady!
She ſtirs: For the Duke's Sake, for *Sforza*'s Sake.
Marc. *Sforza*'s? Stand off: Tho' dead, I will be his,
And even my Aſhes ſhall abhor the Touch
Of any other. O unkind, and cruel!
Learn Women, learn to truſt one another;
There is no Faith in Man: *Sforza* is falſe,
Falſe to *Martelia*.
Fran. But I am true,
And live to make you happy. All the Pomp,
State, and Obſervance you had being his,
Compar'd to what you ſhall enjoy, when mine,
Shall be no more remembred. Loſe his memory,
And look with chearful Beams on your new Creature,
And know what he hath plotted for your Good,
Fate cannot alter. If the Emperor
Take not his Life, at his Return he dies,
And by my Hand: My Wife that is his Heir,
Shall quickly follow: Then we reign alone,
For with this Arm I'll ſwim through Seas of blood,
Or make a Bridge, arch'd with the Bones of Men,
But I will graſp my Aims in you my deareſt,
Deareſt, and beſt of Women.
Marc. Thou art a Villain:
All Attributes of Arch-Villains made into one,
Cannot expreſs thee. I prefer the Hate
Of *Sforza*, though it mark me for the Grave,
Before thy baſe Affection. I am yet
Pure, and unſpotted, in my true Love to him;
Nor ſhall it be corrupted, though he's tainted;
Nor will I part with Innocence, becauſe
He is found guilty. For thy ſelf, thou art
A thing, that equal with the Devil himſelf,
I do deteſt and ſcorn.
Fran. Thou then art nothing:
Thy Life is in my Power, diſdainful Woman:
Think on't, and tremble.
Marc. No, though thou wert now
To play thy Hang-Man's Part. Thou well maiſt be
My Executioner, and art only fit
For ſuch Imployment; but ne'er hope to have
The leaſt Grace from me. I will never ſee thee,
But as the Shame of Men; ſo with my Curſes
Of Horror to thy Conſcience in this Life;
And Pains in Hell hereafter: I ſpit at thee,
And making Haſte to make my Peace with Heaven,
Expect thee as my Hang-Man.
Fran. I am loſt,
In the diſcovery of this fatal Secret.
Curs'd Hope that flatter'd me, that Wrongs could make her
A Stranger to her Goodneſs! all my Plots
Turn back upon myſelf; but I am in,
And muſt go on; And ſince I have put off
From the Shoar of Innocence, Guilt be thou my Pilot.
Revenge firſt wrought me, Murther's his Twin-Brother,
One deadly Sin then help to cure another.

In the Beginning of the third Act, the Scene changes to the Camp of the Emperor *Charles* the 5th; a Fault, which not only *Maſſinger* but all his Contemporaries made no Scruple of committing: The Unities of Time, Place, and Action were as little regarded then, as now; and, if the Author by going out of the Road, could introduce any great, or remarkable Events, he thought the Beauty abundantly aton'd for the Fault. Of this Nature is the Circumſtance of following the Duke of *Millaine* to the Imperial Camp, and entertaining the Audience with the Interview between him, and the Emperor. I muſt own he has not loſt his Labour, and the Idea it gives us of the Duke's Courage and Addreſs, contributes not a little to our Concern for his Misfortune.

Charles *the Emperor*, Sforza, *&c.*

Sfor. I come not (Emperor) to invade thy Mercy,
By fawning on thy Fortune; nor bring with me
Excuſes, or Denials. I profeſs
(And with a good Man's Confidence, even this Inſtant,
That I am in thy Power) I was thine Enemy:
Thy deadly and vow'd Enemy; one that wiſht
Confuſion to thy Perſon and Eſtates;
And with my utmoſt Powers, and deepeſt Counſels
(Had they been truly followed) further'd it:
Nor will I now, although my Neck were under
The Hang-Man's Axe, with one poor Syllable
Confeſs, but that I honour'd the *French* King,
More than thyſelf, and all Men.
Mad. By Saint *Iaques*,
This is no Flattery.
Her. There is Fire and Spirit in't;
But not long liv'd, I hope.
Sfor. Now give me Leave,
(My Hate againſt thyſelf, and Love to him
Freely acknowledg'd) to give up the Reaſons
That made me ſo affected. In my Wants
I ever found him faithful; had Supplies
Of Men and Monies from him, and my Hopes
Quite ſunk, were by his Grace buoy'd up again:
He was indeed to me, as my good Angel,
To guard me from all Dangers, I dare ſpeak
(Nay muſt and will) his Praiſe now, in as high
And loud a Key, as when he was thy Equal.
The Benefits he ſow'd in me, met not
Unthankful Ground, but yielded him his own
With fair Increaſe, and I ſtill glory in it.
And tho' my Fortunes (poor compar'd to his,
And *Millain* weigh'd with *France*, appears as nothing)
Are in thy Fury burnt: Let it be mentioned,
They ſerv'd but as ſmall Tapers to attend
The ſolemn Flame at this great Funeral:
And with them I will gladly waſte myſelf,
Rather than undergo the Imputation
Of being baſe or unthankful. *Alp.* Nobly ſpoken.
Her. I do begin, I know not why, to hate him
Leſs than I did.
Sfor. If that then to be grateful
For Courteſies receiv'd; or not to leave
A Friend in his Neceſſities, be a Crime
Amongſt you *Spaniards* (which other Nations
That like your aim'd-at Empire, lov'd, and cheriſh'd
Where're they found it) *Sforza* brings his Head
To pay the Forfeit: Nor come I as a Slave,
Pinion'd and fetter'd, in a ſqualid Weed,
Falling before thy Feet, kneeling and howling
For a foreſtall'd Remiſſion; that were poor,
And would not but ſhame thy Victory: For Conqueſt
Over baſe Foes is a Captivity,
And not a Triumph. I ne'er fear'd to die,
More than I wiſh'd to live, when I had reach'd
My Ends in being a Duke, I wore theſe Robes,
This Crown upon my Head, and to my Side
This Sword was girt; and witneſs Truth, that now
'Tis in another's Power when I ſhall part
With them and Life together, I am the ſame,
My Veins then did not ſwell with Pride: nor now
They ſhrink for Fear: Know Sir, that *Sforza* ſtands
Prepar'd for either Fortune.
Her. As I live,
I do begin ſtrangely to love this Fellow;
And could part with three Quarters of my Share
In the promis'd Spoil to ſave him.

[*To be continued.*]

Part of a Poem call'd a Good Wife.

AS in one Day and Night, all Life we find,
Each Woman is a Brief of Woman-Kind,
Of either more is but the ſame again,
And to expect Variety is vain:
God fram'd her ſo that to her Huſband, ſhe,
Like *Eve*, ſhould the whole World of Women be.
So fram'd he both: No Pleaſures of their own
Could either take, but by Exchange alone:
'Tis hence no fair one pines with Self-Deſire,
Or knows her Beauty, till we firſt admire;
The Lips, in their own Touch, no Sweetneſs find,
To its own Brightneſs ev'n the Eye is blind.
And neither Sex is perfect, but when both are join'd.
Adam, the firſt of human Kind, 'tis ſaid,
Was in himſelf, both Male and Female made;
But, till the God-head was again apply'd,
And Woman moulded from his teeming Side,
As planted firſt, he ſolitary grew,
And with him the whole Kind had periſh'd too;
Eve ſprung from *Adam*, but her fruitful Womb
Contain'd th' unnumber'd Nations yet to come:
One, thus divided, Marriage muſt unite,
And then they form the true *Hermaphrodite*.
Woman her Being thus deriv'd from Man,
And with her Being, his Delight began:
By mutual Wants, and mutual Joys impell'd,
By Nature prompted, tho' by Forms with-held,
Alike they doat upon each other's Charms,
Alike they haſten to each other's Arms;
Alike they languiſh for the nuptial Fires,
And, bleſt alike, indulge their warm Deſires.
Curſe on the pious Hypocrites who blame
The Touch of Nature, and brand Love with Shame!
As if th' Almighty, with tyrannick Skill,
Would make a ſeeming Good a real Ill,
Or tempt our eager Wiſhes to purſue
Falſe Happineſs, and blindly ſhun the true,
Set Snares for Souls, and dip the Lure in Joy,
Deceive his Creatures firſt, and then deſtroy.
—— Love is a Spark of the celeſtial Flame,
That form'd and ſpirited the World's vaſt Frame,
Th' eternal Inſtinct, that ſelf-mov'd alone,
Conveys the endleſs Claim of Beings down
From Age to Age: The Inſpirer, Mover, Soul
Of ev'ry Part, and Eſſence of the Whole!
A Power, that Plants and Men, and Brutes confeſs,
That Matter feels, and Senſe and Reaſon bleſs.
The Beauties, Graces, Virtues, fill his Train,
Revere his Laws, and ſmile beneath his Reign:
And he that can his ſullen Heart defend
From Love, is but half Man, or wholly Fiend.
Love, there's the Band by which the Sexes win,
And Love's ſweet Union Nature's main Deſign.
Soul blends with Soul, in this harmonious Tye,
Spotleſs as Truth, and pure as Chaſtity;
As the parental Stock, and grafted Bough
Aſſimilate, and undiſtinguiſh'd grow,
And what the wintry Hand of Death impairs,
Freſh Springs enliven in their blooming Heirs.
Nature the Molds of *Adam*'s Offspring pair'd
For ev'ry Male a Female Twin prepar'd;
With anſw'ring Wiſhes, Hopes, and Arms inſpir'd
And each alike deſiring, and deſir'd;
That loveleſs, none thro' Life might idly roam,
Or, like the weary Dove, find Reſt from home.

[Price THREE HALF-PENCE.]

N. B. *Advertiſements, of a reaſonable Length, are put in this Paper at Two Shillings and Six-Pence each.*

SATURDAY, *May* 3.

ON Thurſday Night laſt a young Woman, neatly dreſs'd like a Country Girl, attempted to drown herſelf in a Pond near *Black-Mary's-Hole*, but ſome Gentlemen coming by prevented her; ſhe told them that ſhe was lately come out of the Country, and had been decoy'd from the Waggon to a Houſe of ill Fame in that Neighbourhood, where ſhe was debauch'd; and proving with Child, the old Bawd had turn'd her out of Doors; ſo that her Character being loſt, and no Friends in Town to ſupport her, ſhe was reſolv'd to put an End to her miſerable Life; whereupon the Gentlemen made a Collection for her, and giving her good Advice, perſuaded her from ſo deſperate an Attempt; however ſhe went away diſſatisfy'd, declaring ſhe could not ſurvive her Shame. Thus we ſee how ſoon Innocence may be betray'd by theſe abandon'd Wretches, who are the Ruin of a great many of our Youth of both Sexes.

The Perſons employ'd to ſound the River of *Thames* from *Weſtminſter Horſe-Ferry* to *Lambeth*, have declar'd the Ground to be good, and the Foundation firm enough to build a Bridge of Stone upon; but we are aſſur'd there will be no Bridge begun there this Year, whatever the next may produce. We hear his Grace the Archbiſhop of *Canterbury* has offer'd to diſpenſe with the Profits of the *Horſe-Ferry*, the Farm of which is 200*l. per Ann.* and likewiſe to advance a large Sum of Money towards carrying on the Work, ſo ſoon as an Act of Parliament can be obtain'd for that Purpoſe.

Deaths. Dr. *Howardin* died *April* the 23d, in the 74th Year of his Age; one of the moſt learn'd, pious and humble Divines of his Time. ——Yeſterday died the Right Hon. the Lord *Ducie*, paternally deſcended from the *Mortons* of *Morton* in *Staffordſhire*, denominated of that Place Temp. *Edward* I.—— Early this Morning died in Childbed, the Lady *Bellew*, Wife of the Right Hon. *John Bellew*, Baron *Bellew* of *Duleck* in the County of *Meath* in *Ireland*.

MONDAY, *May* 5.

On Friday Night the Son of Mr. *Bodenham*, an eminent Coal-Merchant in *Thames-ſtreet*, with a Neighbour's Son, hired a Skiff to row themſelves on the *Thames*; and attempting to go thro' Bridge, ſtruck upon the Sterlings, by which Mr. *Bodenham*'s Son was drowned, and the other narrowly eſcaped, being taken up by a Waterman who ſtuck his Boat-Hook into the Skirts of his Cloaths, and drew him out of the Water.

On Friday laſt at Noon an extraordinary Accident happen'd at *Chriſt-Church* in *Surry*: A Woman that takes Children to Nurſe, had Occaſion to go for a Quarter of an Hour to carry Victuals for her Husband at Work, and left two Nurſe-Children at home; but her own, a Boy nine Months old, ſhe put in the Cradle, and a little Dog to pleaſe him; but when ſhe came home ſhe found her Child as black as the Chimney, and the Puppy very buſy in ſucking his Privy Parts: And though great Care is taken of him, it is queſtioned whether he will recover.

We have an Account from *Holland*, that a Promotion of General Officers had been lately propoſed to the States General, and among the reſt, to make his Serene Highneſs the Prince of *Orange* General of Foot, which had been agreed to by ſome of the Provinces, and was ſent to the States of *Holland* for their Approbation.

Lieutenant *Arthur Trevor*, an old and experienc'd Officer in the Royal Navy, (his firſt Commiſſion as a Lieutenant bearing Date *Feb.* 28, 1708) has lately obtain'd a Commiſſion to command a Man of War in the Czarina's Service, and his Majeſty's Leave for that Purpoſe, upon the Recommendation of Sir *Charles Wager* to Prince *Cantimir*, the *Ruſſian* Ambaſſador at this Court.

Laſt Friday in the Afternoon two Gentlemen extremely well dreſs'd came to Mr. *Wildey*'s Toy-Shop, the Corner of *Ludgate-ſtreet*, under Pretence of purchaſing ſome rich Preſents for the Uſe of their Maſter King *Staniſlaus*, to make Preſents of among the *Poliſh* Grandees; amongſt other curious Things, they fix'd on a fine Gold Watch richly ſet with Diamonds, a Moſaick Twezer-Caſe ſet with Diamonds, to the Value of 500*l.* which they order'd to be ſent to their Lodgings, at a Packer's by *Stocks-Market*, for the Approbation of a third Perſon, who not being in the Way, the Perſon who left them was order'd to come again on Saturday Morning; who, when he went for his Anſwer, found they had not been at their Lodgings all Night; a Watch-maker and a Toyman came at the ſame Time, who had truſted them with Goods to the Value of about 300*l.* upon which their Rooms were broke open and ſearch'd.

Laſt Saturday Morning one *Patrick Lambert*, Broker, in *Compton-ſtreet*, St. *Anne*'s, *Soho*, was committed to *Newgate* by Juſtice *Deveil*, for receiving and buying ſtolen Goods, knowing them to be ſtolen, for which the Thieves were convicted two or three Seſſions ago at the *Old Baily*, particularly one *Thomas Jenkins*, who is ſince tranſported; ſince which Time a Warrant has been out from the Juſtice to apprehend him, which was ſerv'd upon him on Saturday. There is an Information againſt him, that the Goods of 12 or 13 Robberies were ſold at his Shop, at a mighty low Price, upon his Promiſe to the Thieves to relieve them in Gaol whenever they ſhould be taken.

Young Mr. *Lawrence* of *Edgware* is return'd from *Wincheſter* Gaol, where he has been to ſee *Gregory*, who now owns himſelf to be the Perſon who robb'd his Father, and declar'd that he and his Gang way-lay'd him, his Father, and the Man at the *Ninepin* Alehouſe, in order to have hang'd them up as they were returning from giving Evidence againſt their Companions, *Roſe*, *Fielder*, *Walker*, and *Saunders*, but miſs'd them.

Evan Hugh Jones, who, with his Wife, were apprehended on the 28th of *March*, for the Murder of *John Ree*, a *Scots* Pedlar, near *Ludlow*, whom they robb'd of Goods to a conſiderable Value, were indicted for the ſaid Fact at *Welſh Poole* Aſſizes; another Indictment was likewiſe preferred againſt them, for the Murder of *John Burkley*, another *Scotſman*, to which Indictments they pleaded guilty; upon which Sentence of Death was paſſed upon them: The Man is to be hang'd in Chains; as is another Man for another Murder in the ſame County.

Letters from *Colcheſter* of the 3d Inſt. ſay, that the Sunday before, about Four o'Clock in the Afternoon, a Stable near *Long Melford* in *Suffolk*, was ſet on Fire by a Flaſh of Lightning, and burnt down to the Ground. Seven Horſes, which were in the Stable when this unhappy Accident happen'd, were burnt to Death, and their Harneſs, *&c.* conſumed.

Preferment. *Peter Davenport*, Eſq; is made Receiver-General of the County of *Cheſter*, in the room of *Thomas Eyre*, Eſq; deceas'd.

Marriage. Laſt Saturday Capt. *Gibbon*, Captain-Lieutenant in the third Regiment of Foot-Guards, was married to Miſs *Kynaſton*, Daughter of *William Kynaſton*, Eſq; Member of Parliament for *Shrewsbury*, and one of the Maſters in Chancery.

Deaths. On Friday the 25th of laſt Month died, at *Ewporth* in *Lincolnſhire*, the Rev. and Learned *Samuel Weſley*, M. A. Rector of that Pariſh, Author of ſeveral poetical and controverſial Pieces.—— Yeſterday died the Lady *Mordant*, Relict of Sir *Thomas Mordant*, formerly of *Ruthin* in *Denbighſhire*.

Bankrupts. William Dicker, of the Pariſh of St. *Olave*, *Southwark*, Oilman.——*John Radcliffe*, of *Baſing-Lane*, *London*, Hoſier.

TUESDAY, *May* 6.

Major-General *Gore*'s Troop in the King's own Royal Regiment of Dragoons is order'd to remain at *Lewes* in *Suſſex*, to aſſiſt the Officers of the Exciſe and Cuſtoms againſt the Smugglers, while the other five Troops march to *Scotland* to relieve Major-General *Philip Kerr*'s Regiment of Dragoons, which has lain there three Years.

On Saturday laſt the Right Hon. the Counteſs of *Coningsby*, Wife to Sir *Michael Newton*, Knight of the *Bath*, taking the Air on Horſeback near little Chelſea, had the Misfortune to drop her Repeating Gold Watch, together with the rich Appurtenances thereto belonging, which coſt 100 Guineas, and hath not ſince been heard of.

We hear that the Princeſs talk'd of for a Marriage with his Royal Highneſs the Prince of *Wales*, is of the Houſe of *Anſpach-Bareith*, a Relation of her Majeſty's, being eſteem'd the moſt complete Lady in all *Germany*, and celebrated not only for her Beauty, but her uncommon Senſe and Application to Literature and the polite Sciences.

We hear his *Portugueſe* Majeſty has propos'd to grant this Nation for ever, the Privilege of ſending an annual Ship to the *Brazils*, or any of the *Portugueſe* Settlements in the *Indies*, together with other Offers very advantageous to the Trade of *Great Britain*, provided his Majeſty ſhall think it proper to declare in favour of *Portugal* in this preſent Juncture.

The late Conteſt about the *Briſtol* Election has caus'd ſuch a Diſturbance in that City, that Mr. *Rysbrack* has receiv'd Orders not to ſend down King *William*'s Statue, till ſuch Time as they are got into better Temper, for fear of reviving their Animoſities.

The National Debt, as it ſtood the 31ſt of *December* 1733, was 47373532*l.* 10*s.* 9*d.* ¼: And on the 31ſt of *December* 1734, 48128149*l.* 6*s.* 0*d.* ¼.

The Amount of Expences incurr'd in the Sea Service in 1734, purſuant to the Power granted to his Majeſty, was 125142*l.* 11*s.* particularly for Wear and Tear, for 3277 Men borne more than granted that Year, and for Wages and Proviſions for them.

Preferments. On Thurſday laſt *Thomas Vere*, Eſq; one of the Repreſentatives for *Norwich*, was unanimouſly choſen Mayor of that City for the Year enſuing.——His Majeſty has been pleaſed to appoint *Shallett Turner*, M. A. and Fellow of St. *Peter*'s College, *Cambridge*, to be Royal Profeſſor of Modern Hiſtory in that Univerſity.

Deaths. Yeſterday the Court received Advice from *Ireland* of the Death of *Owen Wynne*, Eſq; Lieutenant-General of his Majeſty's Forces, and Colonel of the Royal Regiment of *Iniskilling* Dragoons.——The laſt Advices from *Hanover* brought an Account of the Death of Count *Hornberg*, Prime Miniſter of State for that Electorate.

WEDNESDAY, *May* 7.

Yeſterday in the Afternoon two Sharpers well dreſs'd came to the Shop of Mr. *Mitchell*, a Shoemaker in *Lee-ſtreet* by *Red-Lion-Square*, and ask'd the Shoemaker to lend them five Guineas till the next Day, giving him a valuable Conſideration for the Loan, and leaving two Five Guinea Pieces ſealed up for Security: The Shoemaker accepted the Propoſal, and ſent his Wife with the two Men to a Silver-

ſmith's Shop in *Holborn*, to ſee if the Pieces were good; and upon the Silverſmith's declaring they were, they return'd back, and the Shoemaker lent them the five Guineas, and thought he had very good Security for his Money; but the Rogues had the Dexterity to leave him two Pieces of Lead ſeal'd up, of the ſame Weight and Bigneſs as the Gold Pieces, which was not found out till about two Hours after the Fellows were gone.

Yeſterday an Information was granted by the Court of *King's-Bench*, againſt a Perſon for a Riot on the 11th of *April* laſt, and for breaking the Windows, and committing other Outrages upon the Houſe of Sir *William Billers*.

On Saturday laſt a Carpenter of *Tottenham*, coming to *London* to pay a Sum of Money, was ſet upon and robbed by a Man on Horſeback, near the *Crooked-Billet* in *Clapton*, about Ten in the Forenoon, of 20*l.* in the following particular Manner: The Carpenter being in the Foot-Way, the Rogue complained that his Horſe was lame, and deſired him to come and look at his Foot; which he readily doing, he knocked him down with the But-End of his Whip, and alighting, clapt a Piſtol to his Head, and threatned to ſhoot him if he did not part with his Money, which he being obliged to do, the Fellow rode off; the Carpenter, we hear, has made Affidavit before a Juſtice of the Peace, in order to ſue the County for Recovery of his Money.

Yeſterday the Right Hon. the Lord Mayor drank to *John Shipton*, Eſq; as a Perſon qualified to ſerve the Office of Sheriff of this City: This is the third Perſon his Lordſhip has drank to on the ſame Occaſion.

Preferments. His Majeſty has appointed *George Stevens*, A. M. a Prebendary of St. *George's* Chapel, *Windſor*, in the room of *William Derham*, deceas'd.——His Majeſty has likewiſe appointed *Samuel Hurſt*, Clerk, and A. M. to be Rector of *Epworth*, in the County and Dioceſe of *Lincoln*, in the room of *Samuel Weſley*, deceas'd.

Bankrupt. Hugh Cherry, late of *Sutton*, in the County of *Cheſter*, Tanner.

THURSDAY, *May* 8.

Yeſterday Morning, between One and Two o'Clock, a barbarous Murder was committed by *William Hughes*, a private Centinel, of Col. *Haughton's* Company in the firſt Regiment of Foot-Guards, on the Body of his own Mother, *Katharine Jones*, who kept a publick Cellar under the Sign of the *Dial* over-againſt *Hungerford-Market* in the *Strand*. The ſaid *Hughes* went home about Eleven o'Clock on Tueſday Night, and finding his Mother very much in Liquor, he threw ſeveral Pots of Water upon her, inſomuch that ſhe was almoſt ſtifled; but there being a young Woman in the Room, one *Alice Churchill*, who lay with Mrs. *Jones*, ſhe put her on ſome dry Linnen and got her to Bed, *Hughes* beating her all the while with his Sword in ſo violent a Manner that he broke it: About One o'Clock the poor old Woman complain'd ſhe was cold, and would get up; upon which her Son fetch'd his Piece and ſwore he would ſhoot her if ſhe offer'd to ſtir; the young Woman who was in Bed with Mrs. *Jones* begg'd him to be patient; but he put in a Ball and ſnapp'd the Cock, tho' it did not go off then becauſe there was no Powder in the Pan; upon which Mrs. *Jones* ſaid ſhe would ſell off her Goods and live private; he then ſnatched up the Ball again, which had ran out of the Barrel, prim'd his Piece, and wreſting it on the young Woman's Face as ſhe lay in Bed, ſhot his Mother thro' the Head, the Ball entering on the Right Side went thro' her Skull and thro' a Wainſcot Partition in the next Room, ſcattering her Hair and Brains about the ſaid Partition: Upon this the young Woman, half dead with the Fright, deſir'd he would ſpare her Life; and *Hughes* promiſing not to hurt her if ſhe would go into the Fields with him, ſhe ſeemingly conſented, but decoy'd him down to *Williams's* Cellar at *Charing-Croſs*, where ſhe diſcover'd the horrid Scene of Villainy, and he was immediately ſeiz'd by two Chairmen who happen'd to be drinking there; but he made a ſtout Reſiſtance, till a Life-Guard-Man preſent drew his Sword, and ſwore he would cut him to Pieces, upon which he ſurrender, and ſaid, *I fired the Piece to my Misfortune.* He was ſecur'd in St. *Martin's* Round-houſe for ſome Time, and being carried Yeſterday Morning before Juſtice *Deveil*, was (after two Hours Examination) upon the Oath of the aforemention'd *Alice Churchill* and his own Confeſſion, committed to *Newgate*. He was the Son of Mrs. *Jones* by a former Husband, and lived in the Cellar with her.———This Day the Coroner's Jury ſat on her Body, and brought in their Verdict *Wilful Murder*.

On Tueſday Night about Eleven o'Clock, a Fellmonger of *Horſleydown* was attack'd near his own Houſe by three Street-Robbers, who robb'd him of his Gold Watch, and beat him in a barbarous Manner, and not being able to pull his Gold Ring from his Finger, the Villains cut his Finger off.

By the Death of Mr. *Latham*, of *Cateaton-ſtreet*, it was thought full 10,000*l.* would have come to Mr. *Orme*, a Journeyman Shoemaker, in Right of his Wife, a Relation of Mr. *Latham's*: But, Mrs. *Orme* has a Brother living in *Cheſhire*, about fourſcore, nam'd *Sutton* (who was thought to have been long ſince dead) he is a Perſon remarkable for being *as good as his Word in all Things*; and hearing of this great Fortune coming between him and his Siſter, has wrote up Word, *That as ſoon as the Cock Match, which he has promis'd to be at in his Neighbourhood is over, he'll be in Town.*

Yeſterday Mr. *Rawſtern*, who was drank to by the preſent Lord Mayor for Sheriff, paid his Fine to be excus'd ſerving that Office.

The ſame Day the Right Hon. Sir *Charles Wager* receiv'd his Orders to prepare to attend the King to *Holland*, and the following Men of War are appointed to convoy his Majeſty over, *viz.* the *Rippon*, a new fourth Rate Ship lately launch'd at *Woolwich*, Capt. *Swale*, on board of which we hear Sir *Charles* will hoiſt his Flag; the *Portland*, a fourth Rate, Capt. *Osborne*; the *Roebuck*, a fifth Rate, Capt. *Crawford*; the *Blandford*, a ſixth Rate, Capt. *Burriſh*; the *Gibraltar*, a ſixth Rate, Capt. *Durell*; the *Hawk Sloop*, Capt. *Drummond*; and the *Fly Sloop*, Capt. *Oates*.

Yeſterday Orders were alſo ſent to the four following Royal Yachts to get their Moorings, in order to be ready to carry over his Majeſty and his Retinue to *Helvoetſluys*, *viz.* the *Royal Carolina*, Sir *Charles Hardy*, on board of which the King embarks; the *William* and *Mary*, Capt. *Brett*; the *Katherine*, Capt. *Pomroy*; and the *Charlotte*, Capt. *Bridges*.

The ſame Day the *Princeſs Louiſa*, Capt. *Pinnel*, from *Mocha*, lying at *Deptford*, took Fire, occaſion'd by the Gunner going into the Hold with a lighted Candle, with which he ſet Fire to near half a Barrel of Powder, ſcatter'd among the Bales of Coffee; but the reſt of the Powder being taken out of the Ship at *Woolwich*, and immediate Help coming from the Dock, it was extinguiſh'd without doing much Damage to the Ship or Cargo; but the Gunner is ſo much burnt, that it is fear'd he cannot recover.

Preferment. On Tueſday laſt came on the Election of a Clerk of the Pariſh of St. *James's*, *Clerkenwell*, worth near 100*l.* *per Annum*, in the room of Mr. *John Honeycott*, deceas'd. There were five Candidates, which being reduc'd to two, *viz.* Mr. *Robert Trott* and Mr. *Joſeph Tibbitt*, the former was choſen by a Majority of 93.

Marriages. Laſt Week *John Campbel*, the younger, of *Shawfield* in *North Britain*, Eſq; was married to Lady *Harriot Cunningham*, Siſter to the Earl of *Glencairn*.——On Tueſday Night Lord *Robert Montague*, Brother to his Grace the Duke of *Mancheſter*, was married to Mrs. *Harriet Dunch* of *Whitehall*, a Fortune of 15,000*l.*——A few Days ago Sir *Samuel Marwood*, of *Buſhby-Hall* in *Yorkſhire*, Bart. was married to Miſs *Pierſon* of *Stokeſley* in that County, a beautiful young Lady of 21 Years of Age, and a Fortune of 10,000*l.*

FRIDAY, *May* 9.

The Parliament will riſe on Thurſday next, and we hear his Majeſty will ſet out for *Hanover* To-morrow Se'nnight.

A Habeas Corpus is gone down to *Wincheſter* to bring up the real *Gregory* from thence to *Newgate:* And the Deputy Secretary at War hath given Orders for a Party of General *Evans's* Dragoons, conſiſting of 12 Men and a Serjeant, to attend him from *Wincheſter* to *Newgate*.

Yeſterday Morning one *Robert Landſman*, a Penſioner of *Chelſea-College*, about 60 Years of Age, was committed to *Newgate* by Juſtice *Dennett*, for aſſaulting Mr. *William Mackenzie* on the King's Highway in the Five Fields leading to *Chelſea*, and robbing him of three Guineas, five Shillings and nine Pence. There were two Women in Company with the Penſioner, who held Mr. *Mackenzie's* Hands while he robb'd him.

We hear that the Corporation eſtabliſh'd for erecting Proteſtant Schools for the Education of the Children of *Papiſts* in the Kingdom of *Ireland*, has met with great Succeſs here, by ſeveral large Subſcriptions and Benefactions; and particularly that his Grace the Archbiſhop of *Canterbury* has ſubſcrib'd 100*l.* the Biſhop of *Durham* 50*l.* and Dr. *Rundle* 50*l.* and 20*l.* a Year for ſeven Years.

We hear that 91 Ships of the Line are now in Commiſſion at home and abroad, and their full Complement amounts to 28,000 Men, beſides Officers.

Laſt Sunday Evening a Gentleman of Fortune in *Surry*, riding out alone to take the Air, his Horſe threw him, and in the Fall one of his Piſtols fell out of the Holſter, and the Horſe ran away from him and went home: The Gentleman took up his Piſtol and made the beſt of his Way after, but was met by ſome Countrymen, who ſeeing his Piſtol took him for a Highwayman, and attempted to ſeize him; he not caring to ſurrender himſelf ſtood on his Defence, and they knock'd him down, and carried him before the next Juſtice of the Peace, who was his intimate Acquaintance; and upon the Gentleman's acquainting him with the Fact, diſmiſſed the Countrymen, who were falling out about dividing the Reward for apprehending him.

Marriages. Yeſterday the Lord Viſcount *Vane* was married to the Widow of the late Lord *William Hamilton*.——The ſame Day *John Wogan*, of *Gaudy-Hall* in *Norfolk*, Eſq; was married to Miſs *Sancroft*, of *Burlington-Gardens*, a young Lady of 8000*l.* Fortune.——Yeſterday was married at *Pancras* Church, Mr. *Chambers*, an eminent Attorney in *Greville-ſtreet* near *Hatton-Garden*, to the Relict of the late Dr. *Henry Sacheverel*, Rector of St. *Andrew's*, *Holborn*, who is very rich.

Deaths. Yeſterday died at *Camberwell*, by a Fall he receiv'd from his Horſe laſt Week, Mr. *Allen*, Warden of *Dulwich-College*.——The ſame Day died Mr. *Green*, Maſter of the *Bull-Head* Tavern in *Gracechurch-ſtreet*.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THEY write from *Genoa*, that the *Corſicans* are going to beſiege *Baſtia* in Form, having procured a ſufficient Quantity of battering Cannon, Mortars, and Ammunition for that Purpoſe; and the Thing is ſo ſerious, that the Republick can get no Perſon to go there in Quality of her Commiſſary.

Letters from *Milan* ſay, that the Siege of *Mantua* is a Thing abſolutely reſolv'd on; and that the vaſt Preparations making in ſeveral Places, cannot be for any leſs important Enterprize.

From *Vienna* we hear, that the Negotiations of the Court of *Bavaria* ſeem at an End, ſince the Elector has found ſeveral Pretexts to excuſe himſelf from ſending his Contingent to the Army this Year.

They write from *Franckfort* of the 8th Inſt. N. S. That a ſtrong Detachment of the *French* have come up to the very Cannon of *Coblentz*, and have ſettled Contributions in the Neighbourhood of that Place; they even carried away the Magiſtrates of *Boppaert*, for refuſing to ſubmit to thoſe Contributions.

Prince *Eugene* left *Vienna* the 4th Inſtant, N. S. and was expected in the *Imperial* Army on the 9th.

Letters from *Sileſia* ſay, that 20,000 *Ruſſians* were in full March for that Province, where every Thing is provided for their Reception.

They give a very long and florid Account from *Naples*, of the Bravery of 12 Companies of *Spaniſh* Grenadiers in taking *Fort St. Margaret*, which defends the Peninſula and Rock upon which *Syracuſa* and its Citadel are built: As the Marquis was viewing the Fort, the Grenadiers ask'd Leave to attack it, by ſwimming or wading the Ditch; the General paus'd a little, but at laſt he conſented, and 12 Companies immediately took the Water, which prov'd to be about Breaſt high: Notwithſtanding the furious Fire from the Garriſon, they gain'd the other Side, where the *Germans* bravely diſputed the Ground with them above an Hour; but not being more than 300 Men in the Beginning, againſt near a thouſand, they were at laſt every Man put to the Sword: The *Spaniards* ſay they loſt but 150 Men in the Action.

Hanover, *May* 6. Baron *de Lentte*, Commiſſary of War, arrived here the 1ſt Inſtant from *Franckfort*, and the next Day made his Report to the Government of the good Condition in which he left the *Hanover* Troops, who were then in full March to join the Army on the *Rhine*. The two ſuperb Tombs on which we have been at work here for ſome Years paſt, and which are deſign'd for the late King *George* I. and his Brother, the Duke of *York* and *Albany*, and Biſhop of *Oſnabrug*, are now finiſh'd: Theſe two Pieces are exactly conformable to the Plan drawn for them by Mr. *Reets*, firſt Architect of the Court, who has acquired univerſal Applauſe by that Work: Strangers who value themſelves on having ſeen the greateſt Curioſities in *Europe*, confeſs that in all their Travels they never met with any Thing finer or more magnificent, either as to the Materials, Deſign, or Execution. The Taſte is modern; the Decorations are of maſſy Silver, on a Ground of gilt Copper. On the King's Tomb is a Crown, a Scepter, and a Sword on a Cuſhion of Silver; and on the Duke-Biſhop's, a Mitre, a Croſs, and a Sword on a Cuſhion of the ſame Metal. Theſe Tombs are expoſed to publick View in an Apartment of the Palace, where they are to remain ſome Days; after which they are to be taken down to the Vault, and the Bodies of the late King and his Brother are to be laid in them.

Paris, *May* 12. The Emperor's Army being reduc'd to a ſmall Number of Men, the King has order'd ſeveral Regiments of Horſe to be recall'd and ſent to the *Rhine*, where the Enemy will have 20,000 Men more this Year than the laſt.

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VII. Prices of Goods, Grain, Stocks; Monthly Bill of Mortality.

VIII. Foreign Affairs.

IX. A Table of Contents.

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